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## Hardwood

by [castronomicaal](#)

### Summary

It starts with Derek's desire to help make certain Spencer will be okay after the shooting, and ends up becoming so much more.

### Notes

The fiction contains adult content, so be weary. I do not own anyone here and I am not involved in the making or creation of Criminal Minds, everything in this story is just meant for fun. This story takes place after Demons and has specific spoiler alerts for Revelations, Angels, and Demons. This has not been beta'd so any mistakes are my own! Hope you enjoy!

He had dragged Spencer along with him at their first availability after the shooting.

Derek had noticed it almost immediately after his accident—Spencer had pulled away slightly, seemed even more reserved than usual. Honestly, Derek couldn't blame the kid. Spencer seemed a magnet for danger, and being shot in the neck and facing yet another near-death experience could put anyone on edge.

But Derek had been determined from the get-go to not allow Spencer to retreat fully, back into a dark place—perhaps even back into his drug use. He knew he'd never forgive himself if his best friend started hurting himself like that again while Derek sat back and did nothing. So, he took it

upon himself to help pull Spencer from his rut; to help get the kid back on his feet, so to speak.

"I can't see any reason for you having kidnapped me and brought me to this place." Spencer tells him, sending Derek a pointed stare and with both arms crossed in front of his chest. "Where are we anyway?" Glancing around skeptically, Spencer furrows his brow. "If you killed someone here and expect me to help you hide the body, you're sorely mistaken. Granted, with our profession, I'm certain we could do so successfully."

Derek chuckles at this, shaking his head lightly from his position sitting on a dusty, old chair that seems as though it might collapse beneath his weight at any moment. "Just humor me, kid," he responds. "And don't say stuff like that, man. We're FBI. I might have to let Hotch know you're harboring homicidal thoughts."

This rouses a small smile from Spencer's lips. "You're the one who brought me to this dump," he shakes his head. "What am I supposed to think?"

"Sure, the place is a little beat up," Derek shrugs. Spencer scoffs, snorting softly. "Alright kid, it's a lot beat up," Derek chuckles. "But it won't be for long."

Spencer eyes him curiously, shifting slightly but with his back still leaning against the kitchen—if one could actually call this mess that—wall. "What is that supposed to mean?"

"You tell me, Reid," Derek teases. "You're the genius."

"Statistically so," Spencer shakes his head. "Book-wise, and with general information—"

"How is knowing the exact distance between Mars and Neptune in both metric and imperial measurements considered general knowledge?"

Spencer shoots him a quick, mirthful glare. "Anyway. As I was stating previously, how am I supposed to know why you brought me here, to a dirty, dusty, rotting house? I'm smart, not psychic. Perhaps there is no body because—" Spencer pauses, feigning an internal debate. "You brought me here to kill me? I'm the body?"

"I can't believe you just joked around with me like that, Reid." Derek laughs outright, shaking his head goodheartedly. Spencer smiles in return.

"Derek," he continues, his smile still visible. "Like you said, I'm a genius. Of course I know why you brought me here. But the real question is, why?"

Shrugging, Derek runs a single hand across his bare head. "Thought you could use a break, kid."

"What makes you think I have any interest in swinging around sledgehammers? What kind of break is that?" Spencer asks him sincerely. "My breaks typically include books, and coffee. And sometimes Doctor Who."

Derek snorts accusingly. "That's not a break, pretty boy. That's everyday life for you."

"In our line of work, everyday life is a break." He shrugs.

"I think you'll like it more than you think," Derek tells him confidently. "Just try it out for me? Please, kid? You know, I don't usually invite other people out to help me with my restorations," Derek admits.

"I'm special, then?" Spencer can't help the soft grin that appears on his face. "If you wanted to ask me out, Derek, you could have gone about it in an entirely different way."

“Two in one day man?” Derek chuckles, eyes wide and full of admiration. “Who are you and where is the Dr. Spencer Reid I know?”

“Dead, I think,” Spencer laughs, nodding towards a closet off in the corner. “Probably in there somewhere. Are we going to bury him, or what? Maybe use sulfuric acid?”

“Get your head checked, kid.” Derek grins. “You’re messed up.”

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Spencer likes it...a lot.

It had taken him a few minutes to get into it, as he’d been skeptical at first. But after a little persuasion from Derek’s part, and Spencer’s own curiosities, he’d given it his best try.

And try he did.

It’d amazed Derek when they’d first started, watching nerdy Dr. Spencer Reid transform into the Hulk of construction. Honestly, he’d never have believed it without witnessing it firsthand for himself.

And he may or may not have videotaped a bit of the scene for his own sake—as well as Penelope’s—but don’t tell Spencer that.

Soon enough, the kid had destroyed the kitchen cabinets all by his lonesome. Usually one of Derek’s favorite parts of restoration was the teardown, but Derek had left the majority of the kitchen up to Spencer, figuring the young man could use the stress release.

Derek opted instead to focus on clearing out the living room area.

“That was insane,” Spencer mutters to himself, shaking his head and admiring his work with a look of pure contentment on his features.

Derek chuckles, shaking his head from his position working on removing the carpeting in the living room. “You’re insane, Reid,” Derek tells him. “Seriously, you went at those cabinets like they were ready to murder you.”

“I take my work seriously,” Spencer glances his way, smiling sheepishly. A thin sheen of sweat coats his face, and he wipes off his forehead with the back of his hand. “I just wish you would have warned me about this so I could have dressed more accordingly,” Spencer admits, glancing at his attire warily.

“What, construction work doesn’t generally require the wearing of sweater vests?” Derek teases. “Didn’t want to let you know beforehand because I was afraid you wouldn’t come,” he admits.

Spencer nods understandingly. “I’m glad you didn’t,” he responds. “Or I might not have. But either way, I’m glad I’m here now,” Spencer promises. “Mind if I head home and change? I can pick us up dinner on my way back?”

“Yeah kid,” Derek nods, returning to his own work at hand. “Sounds good to me. I’ve gotta admit, though,” he chuckles thoughtfully, “the thought of seeing you in normal clothing is more appealing to me than it probably should be.”

Spencer laughs. “Believe it or not Morgan, but I do wear things other than suits and vests,” he tells him, shaking his head.

“Sure you do,” he jokes, “I’ll believe it when I see it.”

“You saw me in my workout clothes,” Spencer reminds him, pointing at him with a grin.

Derek groans, shaking his head quickly. “And I’ll be spending the rest of my life trying to forget those images.”

“I’m serious, Reid,” Derek laughs, eyeing the younger male over with mock appreciation. “Those sweatpants really do accentuate that ass of yours, pretty boy.” Derek jests all in fun, not about to admit either to himself or Spencer just how good they actually do make him look.

Blushing, but with a smile on his face, Spencer rolls his eyes. “You’re an imbecile.”

Clutching his chest, Derek pouts. “You wound me, doctor.”

“Seriously though,” Spencer changes the subject easily. “Why did you tell me that you don’t usually ask people to help out with these houses of yours? Were you serious or just joking around?” Spencer questions honestly, having foregone his chopsticks in favor of a fork to eat his lo mein, much to the delight of Derek.

They’re seated near one another, legs crossed on the floor of the kitchen.

Shrugging, and with Derek picking at his own Chinese container—chopsticks in hand—he sighs. “I never do, man.” He admits finally.

“You do these on your own?” Spencer quirks a brow. “Why’d you bring me here with you?”

“I mean, Rossi’s dropped by before, but usually just for a drink. You looked like you could use it,” Derek answers honestly. “Listen kid,” he pauses, contemplating on how exactly to continue. The last thing he wants is for Spencer to get upset with him. “I could tell you were struggling a bit lately—you needed a distraction, an outlet. So I gave you one.”

“Simple as that, huh?” Spencer asks him, going in for another bite.

“Simple as that,” Derek echoes.

“I’ve been craving again,” Spencer says after a moment, shrugging as though it’s no big deal while in reality it’s huge—both Spencer’s admission and the fact he’s admitting so to begin with. “I haven’t acted on it, I wouldn’t, but,” he sighs, “it’s been hard. The shooting really messed me up. I feel like I can’t do my job right anymore, you know? I’m afraid of being hurt.”

“Reid,” Derek responds softly, “I’d be more worried for you if you weren’t afraid of getting hurt. Look, I can see why you’d be nervous, it makes sense. Especially so for you, considering you somehow always find yourself in danger.” A slight smile tugs at both corners of Spencer’s lips upon hearing this. “But you’re okay, Reid. And you’re going to continue being okay. Look at you, I mean, you’ve survived it all. You’re stronger than you give yourself credit for. I’m going to be honest, I’ve been watching you pretty closely this past week, but only because I care. You’ve

been doing fine. You may feel as though you're messed up or unable to do your job right, but that's just not the case, man. You've been doing amazing. I'm proud of you."

Spencer sends Derek an appreciative smile at these words, soon followed by a slight chuckle. "You're a better motivationalist than my therapist," he tells him. "Ever consider changing career paths?"

"Maybe somewhere down the road," Derek laughs as well, patting the boy on the shoulder good-naturedly. "Now, about those sweatpants..."

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They spent the next five weeks sporadically working on Derek's—theirs, as Spencer had come to think of it as—restoration project. Whenever they're not working a case, they're at 227 Rockwell Street in Washington, DC.

To be honest, Derek hadn't initially realized just how fun this would be. To be truthful, he had never expected Spencer to want to come back, let alone for over a month. But it had been fun—the both of them getting to know more about one another along the way. It's weird to think about, Derek realizes; the fact that you can work with someone for ten plus years without ever truly knowing them.

For example, Derek would have never believed without Spencer telling him firsthand that, while Spencer was 12 and a senior, he had spent a solid two months watching football every day in order to be able to have something in common with a girl he'd had a crush on back then. She'd rejected him of course when he'd finally plucked up the courage to ask her out, but had been unbelievably nice about it, Spencer had assured Derek. And had even accepted his tickets and company to an upcoming Eagles game—her favorite team—he'd won during a radio competition. As friends only, obviously. Spencer had confided in him that it'd been one of the only nice things to have ever happened to him while in high school, and Derek had found that to be incredibly sad.

Likewise, Spencer would have never heard Derek's story about the night he has since dubbed 'WWIII'. More specifically, one night during his junior year when he'd been "getting it on"—Derek's exact wording—with a pretty girl he'd harbored feelings for. Apparently, her father had walked in mid-get, and had threatened to shoot Derek's penis off with his rifle. Spencer had laughed at that one, picturing just how absurd the entire ordeal must have been. He'd responded with his disbelief that situations such as Derek's could actually happen in real life—always having assumed they were television and movie urban legends. The fear within Derek's eyes over having recounted his own traumatizing event proving otherwise.

"How are you able to restore as many houses as you do?" Spencer asks Derek, shooting him a quick glance before continuing with his tile work on the bathroom floor. "I mean, correct me if I'm wrong, but isn't the object to finish a house as quickly as possible? Time and money, right? It just seems as though we've been focusing on this home for a long time."

Derek shrugs in response, pausing to towel off his sweat ridden cheek. "Usually," he admits, "the object would be to finish as quickly as possible. With the way the market fluctuates, you never know how well you'll be able to sell. But for me, selling isn't really the point, you know? I just love the work. Besides, with our work schedule it'd be impossible to do anything quickly."

Spencer nods understandingly, placing his next tile right beside the last. "This house is going to

look fantastic once finished,” he promises, shooting Derek a brief smile. “I’m no real estate agent, but I can definitely envision someone wanting this home.”

“Getting a bit cocky there, Reid?” Derek smirks, watching Spencer with a sense of deep appreciation. “We make a good team,” he tells him truthfully.

Spencer agrees quickly. “You know,” he pauses momentarily, looking away from Derek’s penetrating gaze with mild uneasiness, “once this place is finished I uh,” running a hand through his unruly hair, Spencer shrugs, “I could always help you out with the next one. You know, if you’d want me to?”

“Yeah?” Derek raises a single brow, crossing his arms in front of his chest as he leans against the doorframe to the bathroom. “I’d like that, kid.” Something tugs at his heartstrings as he watches the boy, all of the previous anxiety written across his face appeasing upon hearing Derek’s approval.

And knowing Derek had been the one to cause Spencer’s happiness in such a way causes an undeniable satisfaction within himself, too.

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Three weeks later—one of which was spent entirely away from DC, hung up in a hotel in Texas while on a case—and Derek and Spencer begin focusing their efforts on the last room in the house; a small, upstairs bedroom.

There isn’t much work needing to be done there, just some minor painting and new trim, maybe a new coat of stain on the floor, so the process goes pretty quickly.

Derek had let Spencer choose the paint and the younger of the two had somehow convinced him that pale yellow would work well.

Normally, Derek likes sticking with more neutral tones—variations of white, gray, and beige because they generally help sell better—but he has to admit it, staring at their first finished wall, Spencer was right about the choice. It looks great.

“Favorite animal?” Derek asks him, his paint roller moving rapidly across one of the walls in the room. They’d spent the entire day asking one another questions, simple things such as favorite animal, for the fun of finding out new facts about each other.

“Interesting,” Spencer ponders from his spot adjacent to Derek, standing on the first rung of a latter Derek had bought for them, working on painting an upper portion of the wall. “I guess that would be the *Giraffa Camelopardalis*,” he decides with a small shrug.

“I’m guessing that’s nerd for Giraffe?” Derek inquires, laughing with a shake of his head.

“Good deductive reasoning skills,” Spencer smiles.

“So, why is it your favorite?” Derek asks him sincerely, pausing his painting administrations in order to focus solely on the younger male.

Biting his lip, Spencer takes a moment to think about it. “I used to sleep with a stuffed Giraffe,” he confesses, a light blush tinting his cheeks at this admittance. “I remember my dad winning it for

me at this fair he took me to when I was five. One of my best memories with him before he left,” he answers truthfully.

“Man, that’s nice Reid,” Derek promises, smiling reassuringly and letting the younger of the two know without actually saying so that he’d never make fun of him for it. “You know, I used to sleep with a stuffed animal myself.”

Spencer grins, raising a startled brow at this. “Big, bad, Derek Morgan?” He questions kindly.

“Laugh it up, kid,” Derek smiles. “Got mine from my pops, too. One of those claw machines, you know? It was a lion,” he tells him, setting his roller aside briefly to roll up his sleeve. “I had this done in his honor,” he points towards the lion tattoo affectionately.

“That’s really nice, Morgan.” Spencer nods gently, a small smile on his face.

“Yeah,” Derek shrugs as though it’s no big deal. Suddenly feeling a bit self-conscious, Derek changes the subject. “Alright, favorite book?”

Spencer scoffs at this, looking mildly offended before returning to his work. “That’s like asking a mother to choose her favorite child,” he scolds Derek. “There are far too many varying factors to be able to choose one particular book. For example, which specific—”

Derek decides right then and there that it’s going to be a long day.

And maybe, something even more telling, he decides he doesn’t really mind.

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They hadn’t anticipated the break in.

Honestly, they’re lucky. Spencer tells Derek as much twice before Derek tells him in return to shut up and leave him alone for a moment.

Spencer doesn’t take much offense to this, understanding Derek’s anger over the incident. He simply stops talking, leaning on the edge of their kitchen counter while watching the older man silently collect his thoughts.

They’d broken two windows and stole a few tools—a group of unknown hoodlums their neighbors had fortunately caught before they could do anymore damage to the home.

So yes, Derek does know they’re lucky—it could have been much worse—but that doesn’t stop him from being pissed about it currently, despite these facts.

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Two and a half months.

Two and a half months of hard work and dedication, and they’re finished.

Spencer stands by Derek's side, utter fondness bubbling within the pit of his stomach as both men admire their handiwork.

"I'm eager to see how much this place ends up selling for," Spencer tells him, turning to face his friend head on. "I think you'll get a good price for it."

"We," Derek corrects, "We'll get a good price for it," he hits Spencer on the shoulder with his own, smiling affectionately.

"Yeah," Spencer breathes out, hands in his pockets as he watches Derek watching him, his stomach suddenly flipping a bit uneasily—the fondness he'd felt previous doubling tenfold as he meets Derek's stare with his own honey orbs. "Listen, Derek," Spencer pauses, coughing slightly, suddenly feeling more uncomfortable than he had in a long while. "I just wanted to say thank you again for, you know, inviting me to do this with you. I haven't even thought about Dilaudid in months," he admits.

Something within the back of his mind tells him it doesn't have anything to do with the restoration at all, but more so with Derek himself.

"That's great, kid." Derek tells him proudly, only inwardly wincing at the use of such a nickname. Normally he'd be perfectly content with it, having called Spencer as much from their initial meeting nearly eleven years ago. But something about here, about this moment, is telling him he shouldn't have said it. "Like I said when we first started this, I'm proud of you."

Spencer nods sheepishly, clearly a bit embarrassed, but proud of himself too, nonetheless. "You know," he speaks up suddenly, "I was reading a rather fascinating article the other day on the comparison of homes sold through flipping versus new purchases and I—"

"Spence," Derek interrupts, grabbing at the man's shoulders with both hands, chuckling slightly, "You don't need to update me with specifics on the market. Quit worrying—the place will sell, I promise."

Spencer nods slowly, eyeing Derek over a bit cautiously. Still holding both of Spencer's shoulders, Derek frowns. "What? What are you staring at?"

The younger shrugs. "I was just thinking," he admits, his tone curious, perhaps even a bit nervous. Derek realizes his mistake soon after, hoping somehow his use of 'Spence' had went unnoticed by Spencer. No such luck. Making eye contact once more with Derek, Spencer licks absentmindedly at his lips.

Now that certainly doesn't go unnoticed by Derek, his eyes taking on a life of their own as he finds himself watching Spencer's now wet lips.

"This is weird," Spencer whispers.

Derek nods. "Really weird."

Pulling him closer, a small voice in the back of his mind asks Derek if he should really be doing this right now. It silences the moment their lips meet, pressing against each other's own a bit harder than Derek would have imagined they would—of course, only had he ever imagined such a thought before now, which he promises he hasn't. Not consciously, at least.

The kiss flows naturally, with Spencer's shaking palms slowly pressing themselves against Derek's heated jaw, pulling him even closer. He certainly isn't kissing with the same fear his hands are caressing his flesh with, Derek decides quickly.

Two saliva ridden sets of lips combine, just the right amount of harshness and softness colliding for it to be more than enjoyable as the kiss continues onward.

With Derek's hands moving from Spencer's shoulders to his hips, he presses their bodies together, poking out his tongue to lick along Spencer's bottom lip, asking for entrance in unison with colliding their lower halves against one another's.

Spencer moans gently, opening wide and allowing for Derek's tongue to descend upon his own.

It begins escalating rather quickly from there, with one of Spencer's hands lowering themselves of their own accord, fingertips slowly tracing mindless patterns along the cloth covering Derek's chest, lower and lower, nearing the slight rivets of Derek's abs, when the ringing of a phone nearby pulls both boys from their trance.

Pulling back as if having been burnt, both men stare wide-eyed, mouths agape at one another.

With one look at Spencer, it's obvious as to what they'd been doing—full red, shiny lips and a coloring of red along his cheeks and neck a good indicator.

Derek blinks twice, obviously still dazed as he watches Spencer flush even darker, before retrieving his phone.

Upon seeing Savannah's name staring back at him, however, everything—the Spencer Reid trance he'd somehow found himself encased in—breaks wide open.

"Shit," Derek mumbles out, shaking his head in mild disbelief. "It's Savannah," he tells Spencer honestly.

The younger boy nods quickly, his own eyes widening. "Yeah it's okay, no," Spencer swallows. "You should go. Uh..." and Derek might have laughed, felt proud even, for reducing the resident genius to unintelligible mumbling had it not been for their current predicament.

"You're right," Derek tells him. Turning and grabbing for his coat, he makes for the door. "Thanks again, you know?" He throws Spencer what he hopes comes across as a genuine, appreciative smile and not a grimace. "For the house and everything."

And just like that, he's gone and out the door—his taste still lingering upon Spencer's disbelieving lips.

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"Okay, spill it."

Derek had been perched in the corner of Penelope's lair for the past half hour, finishing case files silently. Honestly, he's impressed she made it that long before interrogating him.

"Spill what?" Derek throws her a quick smirk, hoping to eliminate her hovering by means of flirtation. No such luck, as she only responds with a roll of her eyes.

"You're a shark, baby," she tells him honestly. "But I'm in no mood to have you flirt your way out of this. Come on, boy wonder has been moping for weeks," she tells him, flinging her fluffy pen about wildly in accentuation of her words. "He's been withdrawn, awkward—more so than

usual—and he's avoiding somebody,” Penelope pauses, staring Derek’s way with a pointed glare “at every conceivable opportunity. So spill it for yourself, my lovely friend, before I make you spill it.”

“You gonna spank me?” Derek raises both brows, teasing the blonde.

“Or I could kill you,” she counters challengingly.

“What is it with friends and killing?” Derek shakes his head, remembering his earliest conversation with Spencer back at their restoration home, pre-restored. “Reid said something similar a while ago,” he tells her, before he has the chance to realize that he shouldn’t be talking about Spencer, let alone thinking about him.

“He wants to kill you, too huh?” She furrows her brows before fixing the slightly falling pair of glasses on her nose. “Interesting.”

Derek shakes his head quickly. “Not exactly, more like he thought I wanted to kill him. But it doesn’t matter,” he waves her off, “because it has nothing to do with why Reid has been avoiding me.”

“Ah-ha!” Penelope shouts triumphantly, shooting Derek her best ‘I told you so’ glare. “So you’re admitting a. that you know why Spencer is acting the way he is, and that b. he has been avoiding you. Get comfortable Derek, because you’re not leaving this office until you tell me just what in the hell you did to him.”

“Me!?” Derek raises both hands in exasperation. “Mama, what makes you think I did something to him?”

“Because I know you, and I also know one Dr. Spencer Reid. Speaking of which, to go offhand and pull a Reid right now, statistically speaking, you are more than likely 99.999 repeating percent at fault for this.”

“That’s cold,” he tells her, shaking his head. Sighing, and with two suddenly sweating palms, Derek actually begins contemplating telling Penelope the truth. At best, she laughs and tells him to shake it off—that it’d been a fluke. At worst, well, he doesn’t even want to go there.

Knowing that, despite her tendencies to be a bit of a snoop and gossip queen alike, she would never actually tell someone on a whim about something so important to Derek. Eventually he figures it couldn’t hurt to hear her opinions on the matter.

“It’s not something I did to him,” he admits finally, his hand rubbing at the back of his neck signifying his discomfort. It’s not every day you’re forced to come out as a 10% homosexual to your best friend and co-worker. Certainly, he’d experimented with the same sex in his past—what else was college for? But only ever kissing and hand stuff. He’d never really thought he might swing that way, too. Didn’t guys always find other guy’s attractive at times? And sure, the feeling in his chest he gets whenever he thinks about Spencer now might be a little gay, but—wait a minute, what was he supposed to be thinking about? Oh right. Okay, maybe 30% or so, he acknowledges inwardly. “It’s something we did to each other.”

Penelope only sits there and stares at him. Derek counts to thirteen blinks before he musters up the courage to say anything else. “We kissed, okay?” He whispers harshly, glancing around despite already knowing they’re the only two in the room.

“No you didn’t!” She nearly shouts, eyes impossibly wide and mouth open—much like after he and Spencer had kissed, but Derek’s pretending not to remember as such. “You are lying to me,

Derek Morgan.”

Raising both hands in surrender, and with a tired sigh escaping past both lips, he shakes his head. “I promise Garcia,” he answers truthfully. “I’m not lying. Come on, like it’s really that hard to believe?”

“You,” she sputters out, shaking her head, “and Reid? Is that so hard to belie—Derek, are you stupid? How is that NOT hard to believe?”

“Don’t shoot the messenger,” he tries for a playful smile, waving his imaginary flag in the air signifying his surrender.

“You’re not just the messenger, Derek,” she tells him, thrusting a pointed finger into his face. “You’re also the dirty, dirty culprit. So I can shoot you if I want to!” Penelope yells at him. “What are you thinking? Have you told Savannah about your indiscretions?”

Derek’s jaw tightens at this, his entire body tensing. He has to look away from Penelope’s gaze, her stare too strong, too intense for his liking. “It was an accident, alright. We didn’t mean to do it.”

“Sounds like something a cheater would say,” Penelope responds. “Listen, Derek, you know I love you. And I love Reid—god, this is something I’d be dying over given different circumstances,” she admits, ignoring the look Derek throws her way. “But it’s not right. Clearly something is up; something more than ‘it was an accident’ I can promise you that. You know, Spencer isn’t the only one who’s been moping as of late. Deny it all you want, my chocolate god, but you’ve been infuriating these past few days, walking around like somebody stole your candy bar—god almighty, who would have believed this metaphorical candy bar to be our good doctor, of all people.” Penelope shakes her head, still in minor disbelief. “Either way, something’s up. You like him, I can see it. And Savannah, whom I have come to know and love dearly, doesn’t deserve that.”

“I know, okay?” Derek sighs, rubbing along the slight scruff of his jaw. “I’ve been meaning to tell her, but it’s hard.” He admits.

Penelope’s gaze softens moderately at this, and she nods. Rolling over in her chair, she approaches the man and places a comforting hand against his back. “But it’s ultimately the right thing to do. One of two things will come of it; you’ll either break up, or work things out. But no matter what happens, at least you’re being honest with her. Now tell me about Spence, honey. Where has this come from?”

Shrugging, Derek throws her a helpless glance. “I have no clue, baby girl.” He discloses. “I’d never thought of him like that before—always just as a good friend. But after he was shot in the neck and all of that stuff went down, I started worrying about him more and more. Offered him a chance to help me out on one of my restoration projects.” Penelope continues rubbing soothing circles against his back, listening patiently. “One day turned into almost three months,” he chances a glance at her and Penelope nods. “We started spending more time together, you know? And I realized that he was a really cool guy, even cooler than I gave him credit for, and it just sort of happened.”

“Do you like him?” Penelope questions.

Derek shrugs, dejected. “I don’t know, PG, but even if I do, who says Reid likes me back?” he admits. “I’ve never really liked a guy before.”

“Your use of Kindergarten-esque descriptions aside”—both share a small laugh at this, with

Penelope mouthing ‘like like, really?’ his way—she presses a friendly kiss to his cheek. “You’ll never know unless you try. And it sound to me like you have a big case of the Reids,” Penelope smiles.

“Could you not say it like that?” Derek scrunches up his nose, displeased. “It sounds like I have some horrible venereal disease,” both chuckle. “Besides, I’m still with Savannah, anyway.”

This sobers Penelope slightly, and she nods. “You’re still with Savannah,” the girl echoes, her hand climbing higher to begin rubbing along the back of Derek’s head. “It’s all up to you from here on out.” She lets him know.

Derek nods, sighing deeply. “Guess I have a few things to think about.”

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Derek had invited him along by means of a note, still too uncomfortable and fearful of rejection to ask him to his face.

Of course, to nobody’s surprise, Spencer hadn’t responded.

For three days, Derek had spotted the note crumpled up in the corner of Spencer’s desk. The only thing giving him any hope at all being the fact that Spencer hadn’t completely thrown it out. And for three nights, Derek had spent the evening alone, tearing things apart in the new house he’d bought for a brand new restoration.

It’s his fourth day there—seven days past, with two days out of town on work—when Spencer shows up.

He stands there awkwardly at the door, clutching his messenger bag like a lifeline, in jeans and a tee-shirt. Coughing loudly with the hopes of pulling Derek out of his work trance, he waves nervously at the man.

“You showed up,” Derek can’t help the small smile that escapes his lips. Spencer nods, smiling himself with a nod towards the living room.

“Mind if I come in?” He questions nervously.

Derek chuckles. “I didn’t write down the address for you to not be invited in upon arriving,” he can’t help but tease. Spencer grins sheepishly before stepping aside.

Making his way into the room Derek had been in, he sets his bag on the floor. Hands in his pockets and nerves back full force, Spencer bites at his lip. “I should have come the first day you put that note on my desk,” he admits. “But I was too freaked out. Never mad,” Spencer makes certain to clarify, “just nervous. I thought that maybe,” Spencer begins playing with the hems of his pants absentmindedly, pulling at the harsh fabric. “I was worried that you didn’t want us to be friends anymore. Or that you hated me. Or something...”

“I don’t hate you, and we’re still best friends.” Derek promises. Standing, and dusting his hands off on his shirt, he turns so he can face Spencer straight on.

“Reid, listen man. What happened at the last plac—”

“—look, we can just forget about it, honestly.” Spencer interrupts, shaking his head quickly.

“You have an eidetic memory,” Derek points out accusingly, a hint of sarcasm within his tone telling Spencer he’s only joking.

The younger blushes, swiping at a loose piece of hair in attempts to push it back and out of his face. “That may be true, however, I’m great at pretending things never happened, despite being able to vividly reca—”

“Well I’m not,” this time it’s Derek’s turn to interrupt. “I told Savannah.” He adds on at the end, shuffling his feet slightly.

Spencer nods, swallowing. “And?”

“And,” Derek shrugs. “She broke up with me—already had a guy in the past who did her like that. She couldn’t be with someone who cheats.”

“I wouldn’t exactly call it cheating,” Spencer mumbles, frowning. At Derek’s pointed stare however, he shrugs. “Alright, maybe. I’m really sorry about that, Derek. Did you know that approximately 37% of black couples break up due to infid—”

“I don’t need your statistics regarding my relationship,” Derek tells Spencer, reaching out to grab his shoulders—much like he had previous, before their kiss. “Or lack thereof,” he amends his mistake. “It’s also a little weird that you know facts like that,” he throws his friend a wide smile.

“I read a lot,” Spencer whispers, unable to return the smile for himself. “Morgan, what are we doing?”

Derek shrugs, sobering up at the seriousness of Spencer’s tone. “What do you think we’re doing?”

Spencer rolls his eyes at this, but Derek can feel some of the tenseness in his arms depleting. “I don’t want to be your rebound.”

“You were a before-bound,” Derek counters, body drifting closer to Spencer’s own. “This started before Savannah and I had broken up, we both know it.”

“Thank you Derek, but that really doesn’t make me feel any better.” Spencer deadpans.

“I just want to kiss you again,” Derek responds in earnest.

“I’ve had a crush on you for a while,” Spencer blurts out, biting at his lip. “Ever since Maeve,” he pauses, breathing deeply. “You were there for me throughout the process, and it meant a lot. I’ve always been bisexual, I just never really talked about it ever, you know? But regardless, I’ve liked you for a long time. I don’t want this to be a mistake on your part.”

“The stuffed animals,” Derek tells him.

“What?” Spencer’s brows ruffle.

“I’ve wanted to kiss you since you told me about your stuffed Giraffe,” Derek clarifies, smiling gently.

Spencer snorts. “I’m certain that one whole month was bliss filled,” he teases.

“Shut up,” Derek chuckles. “I’m just trying to tell you that I like you too.”

“Are you sure?” Spencer challenges doubtfully. “Because I can be such a mess at times. Honestly,

I can recite the entire dictionary from front to back right off the top of my head.”

“Want,” Derek bites his lip, eyeing Spencer over with sincere appreciation. “To desire or wish for something—the only word in the dictionary I need at the moment.”

Spencer blushes slightly, eyes moving away from Derek’s, but only for a second or so and with the chance to compose himself. “Kiss,” Spencer counters finally. “To touch with the lips especially as a mark of affection or greeting.”

“Hmm,” Derek mumbles, wrapping both arms around Spencer’s waist. “Could you use it in a sentence, please?”

“Spencer Reid is going to kill Derek Morgan if he does not get a kiss soon.” Spencer responds teasingly, eyes locked on Derek’s own and with his arms wrapping themselves around the older male’s neck.

“Why does it always have to come back down to murder with you?” Derek chuckles, pulling the grinning man’s lips down against his own.

They both accidentally forgot that they have work to do.

Certainly, the tiles could benefit from being pulled up in the kitchen and both bathrooms don’t actually have any functioning plumbing right now, but they’re last on the list of things both men could conceivably give a damn about right now.

Not with Derek pinning Spencer to the hardwood floor of the living room, one naked body covering another. With their sweat intermingling; two separate beings sharing space meant for one, surrounded by discarded clothing.

“Fuck, Spencer,” Derek groans, lips pressed against the neck of the man beneath him and with his lower half grinding half hazardously against Spencer’s.

Spencer nods quickly, easily comprehending Derek’s sentiment. This feels good, really good. Spencer grinds harder, his hips moving a hundred miles a minute in order to continue creating sweet friction. “Harder,” he mumbles, voice heavy and laced with wanting.

Derek’s bewildered upon hearing it, still not quite able to grasp the fact that they’re actually here right now, doing this on the floor of a home they’re meant to sell in a month or two. With Spencer’s hot mouth trailing kisses up and down the side of his cheek, with his strong hands and long fingers digging memories into Derek’s back that neither will ever forget. Eidetic memory or not, Derek knows with everything inside of him that he’ll always remember this moment. It’s passion—raw, soul consuming fire. It’s good.

And it’s even better with Derek’s knowledge that he’s sharing it with Spencer. God, Spencer—Derek groans again, bucking harder against his younger counterpart, more frantic. “Fuck, I’m close, Spence.” He warns.

“Come on the both of us, Derek,” Spencer edges him closer, body rocking beneath Derek’s own and voice whispering directly within his ear. Derek shivers above him, his head working its way even further into the place where Spencer’s neck meets his shoulders. Kissing there briefly and

closing both eyes tightly, Derek does so.

Both can feel Derek's release hot on their stomach's—Spencer's erection now coated with the older man's come. "Damn it," Derek mumbles, panting harshly and with his body now stilled above Spencer's.

Spencer's slight squirming beneath him pulls Derek from his post-orgasm bliss and he rolls off, eyes still wide and tongue licking along his lower lip as his back hits cool hardwood.

"Derek fuck," Spencer moans out, body arching forward over the loss of contact. Air hits his still rigid erection, already beginning to cool Derek's sticky cum to his own body.

"Come over here, Spencer," Derek tells him, grabbing at his arm to pull him closer. "Sit on me. I want you to come all over my chest."

If the little groans Spencer begins emitting are any indication, he's certainly okay with this turn of events. Quickly sitting, Spencer throws a long left leg across Derek's stomach, straddling his partner easily.

"Touch yourself," Derek pants out, still attempting to regain his breathing fully. More likely than not, it won't be happening anytime soon. Not with the way Spencer's currently looming above him, eyes burning full of lust and cock jutting out, leaking precum from the tip. "Touch yourself and come on me, pretty boy."

"God," Spencer breathes out, hand easily winding itself around his own erection. Derek's release is still wet enough to be adequate lubrication and Spencer soon finds his own rhythm, jerking himself off on top of Derek with reckless abandon.

"Uh, uh, uh," Spencer pants out, breathing rapid and body jerking in rhythm with his thrusting, cock sliding in and out of his own slick, closed fist. "Fuck, fuck," he whines loudly, eyes scrunching up tightly as he begins focusing solely on the tip of his throbbing cock.

Derek watches from below, both arms behind his head with eyes glazed over. Brown eyes watching Spencer's own honey colored, Derek can't help the overwhelming rush of lust coursing through his heated body. Breaking the eye contact, Spencer tosses his head back, hair mused in every which way and Addams apple extending. Two pink, wet lips part with every soft moan Spencer releases. His body flushed red with arousal, Derek can't stop himself from touching. "Come on pretty boy, come on me."

Pulling his hands from back behind his head, Derek extends both arms in order to rub along Spencer's abdomen and hips, hoping to further him along.

"Yeah Derek, don't stop," Spencer nods appreciatively, head still pressed back—a light sheen of sweat covering the entirety of his shaking frame and causing his hair to stick to the sides of his face.

With a sense of finality, and three more full strokes, Spencer swipes repeatedly at the underside of his cock and comes in long, hot spurts along Derek's toned chest. Body arched, and a low, deep groan emitting past both lips, Spencer finally stills—sated.

"That was the sexiest thing I've ever seen," Derek groans out, eyes closing in attempts to store this particular moment within the back of his mind for all of eternity.

"I can't believe I just engaged in masturbation while sitting on top of you," Spencer pants out, eyes slightly wide and face coloring red as he recounts their previous endeavors.

“Don’t be embarrassed, Reid.” Derek chuckles, pulling the boy close for a kiss. Spencer does so, his face scrunching in mild discomfort as their come ridden bodies connect.

The kiss is brief but sweet, more tender than previous and Spencer finds himself pulling away with a smile. “Looks like we’ve just thoroughly christened our new restoration project.”

Derek laughs, a loud chuckle that echoes throughout the mostly barren room. “Something tells me we probably shouldn’t put that on our fliers when we have our open house.”

“It would most likely prove very problematic,” Spencer agrees, nodding before pressing his head down into crook of Derek’s neck.

“Highly problematic,” Derek echoes, his smile threatening to split his lips in half. “I can’t believe I just had sex with Spencer Reid,” he confesses, shaking his head in near disbelief.

Spencer snorts, pressing a quick kiss to Derek’s chest. “I can’t believe Spencer Reid just had sex with Derek Morgan. Nor can I believe Derek Morgan just had sex with Spencer Reid. It’s all very confusing and a bit weird, but mostly awesome.”

“You have the whole dictionary floating around in that brain of yours,” Derek taps Spencer’s forehead gently, “and the only word you can think to use is awesome? Come on pretty boy, you can do better than that.”

Spencer chuckles. “I’m horribly regretful of my actions,” he teases. “I meant to say marvelous, purely splendid. Your ebullient coitus will leave me salaciously awaiting more. Truthful—”

Both laugh into the kiss Derek quickly pulls Spencer into, effectively shutting the younger man up.

-

“You never show these places off to me,” Penelope eyes Derek suspiciously, allowing him to open the door for her despite this fact.

“I’ve never been more proud of a home,” Derek admits with a shrug, throwing Spencer a quick side swept glance. The younger grins in response, understanding Derek’s implications as all three make their way into the home.

Penelope gasps upon seeing it, unable to stop herself. “It’s beautiful,” she smiles, eyes shining adoringly as she admires their handiwork and craftsmanship. The rooms are still bare, not yet staged for their first open house next week, but everything else is up and running.

“The wall color,” Penelope bites her lip, running a hand against the surface, “it’s fantastic.” She admires sincerely, watching the dark red as she traces it beneath her fingertips. Spencer had won the color war once more, and Derek couldn’t be happier about it.

“What about the floor?” Derek questions, nodding in the direction of the hardwood. Penelope “ah’s” her approval.

Unable to help himself, Derek grins. “Aptly named, that hardwood.” He shoots Spencer a knowing stare.

The boy, with his hands in his pockets, blushes scarlet at this and turns away from Derek's penetrating gaze.

Penelope eyes both men warily, perhaps even a bit suspiciously, before shaking it off.

She doesn't think she wants to know, anyway.

Or maybe, she really, really does.

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